

Kent. I know you: Where's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretfull Elements;
Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,
Or swell the curled Waters 'boue the Maine,
That things might change, or cease.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the Foole, who labours to out-iest
His heart-strooke injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my note
Commend a deere thing to you. There is diuision
(Although as yet the face of it is couer'd
With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall:
Who haue, as who haue not, that their great Starres
Thron'd and let high; Seruants, who seeme no lesse,
Which are to France the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin scene,
Either in snuffes, and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne
Against the old kinde King; or something deeper,
Whereof (perchance) these are but furnishings.

Gent. I will talke further with you.

Kent. No, do not:

For confirmation that I am much more
Then my out-wall; open this Purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see *Cordelia*,
(As feare not but you shall) shew her this Ring,
And she will tell you who that Fellow is
That yet you do not know. Eye on this Storme,
I will go seeke the King.

Gent. Give me your hand,

Haue you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet;
That when we haue found the King, in which your pain
That way, Ile this: He that first lights on him,
Holla the other. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Storme still. Enter Lear, and Foole.

Lear. Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cackes.
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
Vaunt-curriers of Oake-cleauing Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th' world,
Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines spill at once
That makes ingratefull Man.

Foole. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry house, is
better then this Rain-water out o'doore. Good Nunkle,
in, aske thy Daughters blessing, heere's a night pitties
neither Wisemen, nor Fooles.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowt Raine:
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindnesse.
I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slaue,
A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:
But yet I call you Scruile Ministers,
That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne
Your high-engender'd Battailles, 'gainst a head

So old, and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foule.

Foole. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good
Head-peece:

The Codpiece that will house, before the head has any;
The Head, and he shall Lowse: so Beggers marry many;
The man y makes his Toe, what he his Hart shold make,
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake,
For there was neuer yet faire woman, but shee made
mouthes in a glasse.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Foole. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a
Wiseman, and a Foole.

Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that loue night,
Loue not such nights as these: The wrathfull Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
And make them keepe their Caues: Since I was man,
Such sheets of Fire, such bursts of horrid Thunder,
Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I neuer
Remember to haue heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
Th'affliction, nor the feare.

Lear. Let the great Goddess

That keepe this dreadfull pudder o're our heads,
Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That hast within thee vndiuidged Crimes
Vnwhipt of Iustice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand;
Thou Periu'd, and thou Simular of Vertue
That art Incestuous, Caytiffe, to peeces shake
That vnder couert, and conuenient seeming
Ha's practis'd on mans life. Close pent-up guilts,
Rine your concealing Continents, and cry
These dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,
More sinn'd against, then sinning.

Kent. Alacke, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell,
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the Tempest:
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
(More harder then the stones whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which euen but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force
Their scantie curtesie.

Lear. My wits begin to turne.

Come on my boy. How dost my boy? Art cold?
I am cold my selfe. Where is this straw, my Fellow?
The Art of our Necessities is strange,
And can make vilde things precious. Come, your Houel;
Poore Foole, and Knaue, I haue one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Foole. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,
Must make content with his Fortunes sit,
Though the Raine it raineth euery day.

Lo. True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell. *Exit.*

Foole. This is a braue night to coole a Curtizan:
Ile speake a Prophecie ere I go:
When Priests are more in word, then matter;
When Brewers marre their Malt with water;
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,
No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors;
When euery Caffe in Law, is right;
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;
When Slanders do not liue in Tongues;
Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs;
When Vsurers tell their Gold i'th Field,

And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,
Then shal the Realme of Albion, come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who liues to see't, (time.
That going shalbe vs'd with feet:
This prophecie *Merlin* shall make, for I liue before his
Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

Glo. Alacke, alacke *Edmund*, I like not this vnnaturall
dealing; when I desired their leave that I might pity him,
they tooke from me the vse of mine owne house, charg'd
me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake
of him entreat for him, or any way sustaine him.

Bast. Most sauage and vnnaturall.

Glo. Go too; say you nothing. There is diuision be-
twene the Dukes, and a worse matter then that: I haue
receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken,
I haue lock'd the Letter in my Closet, these injuries the
King now beares, will be reuenged home; ther is part of
a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I
will looke him, and priuily relieue him; goe you and
maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of
him perceiued; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to
bed, if I die for it, (as no lesse is threatned me) the King
my old Master must be relieved. There is strange things
toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull. *Exit.*

Bast. This Curtesie forbid thee, shall the Duke
Instantly know, and of that Letter too;
This seemes a faire deseruing, and most draw me
That which my Father looses: no lesse then all,
The yonger rises, when the old doth fall. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For Nature to endure. *Storme still*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord enter heere.

Lear. Wilt breakemy heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne,
Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious
Inuades vs to the skinfo: 'tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The lesler is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a Beare,
But if they slight lay toward the roaring Sea,
Thou'dst meete the Beare i'th' mouth, when the mind's
The bodies delicate: the tempest in my mind, is free,
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Sae what beates there, Filliall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth should teate this hand,
For lifting food too't? But I will punish home,
No, I will weepe no more; in such a night,